



Now just to
save time, these
ballots are al-
ready marked.



Control yourself! . .



"36 HOURS"

HELP!

No. 26 Sept. 1965

Harvey Kurtzman, editor
James Warren, publisher
Terry Gilliam, associate editor
Nicky Quest, assistant editor
Harry Chester, production

THE HLAN

A PUBLIC SERVICE BROCHURE



WONDER WART-HOG

and
THE POWER OF THE
MASKED MEANIE

8



THE BEAUTY CONTEST

a
sketchbook
report
by
Arnold Roth



THIGH OF THE BEHOLDER

by Dave Crossley



help's public gallery

31



Inspector LaBouche in THE MARIONETTE MURDER CASE

by Chuck Alverson



SUPER EVERY THING

by
38 Sam Cornell

EDITOR'S PREFACE

COVER AND FUMETTI

HELP!'s editors have figured very strongly in this issue. Editor Quest's apartment served as the location for our picture story, page 21, whose backgrounds were liberally sprinkled with eds. Gilliam and Quest. The cover, too, finds Gilliam and Quest (they're under the sheets) as well as blonde Elke Hellman and Gill Chambliss. Elke is currently starring in "Abundantly Yours", a Broadway-bound comedy trying out in Paramus, N.J. Gill, also an actor, is in summer stock in Michigan.

WHDDUNIT

Our Inspector Labouche mystery on page 35 was, how you say . . . lensed at Les Poupees de Paris, which would be the wildest girle show at the N.Y. World's Fair if the ingenues weren't puppets. Les Poupees were given life by brothers Sid and Marty Krofft who opened their Los Angeles Krofft Theatre in 1961. It has since mushroomed into companies on both coasts with touring companies being prepared for the Orient and London.

WONDER WART-HOG

This month, the WWH sets our pulses racing in an adventure with the Masked Mezzie, page B. Here is another one of the unforgettable intrigues that is endearing the Pig to the hearts of Americans everywhere. Witness the paintings reproduced here, dashed off by Sam Cornell in a burst of adulation for the Hog of Steel. More bursts from Mr. Cornell can be found on page 3B.

LETTERS

I'll admit it—I'm a SOUTHERN BIGOT. I believe that niggers (Negroes) DO SMELL FUNNY and that they should STAY IN THEIR PLACES. No Pinko, Ralph McGill-lovin' Moderate, I. Nevertheless, I really got a bang out of Wonder Wart Hog in Mississippi. That part about "Folksing U." killed me.

I was wondering though, in the last scenes, that crack about now everyone being "second-class citizens" together sort of made me wonder. Could Gilbert Shelton be making an oblique comment of great MEANING? I believe that the wily old Wart Hog might just have something there. I suppose that the place with the maximum of equality is San Quentin.

Stephen E. Terrell
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

We, the United Students of Beaver High School, wish to send this letter of commendation to your staff on your last issue of HELP! It's satirical attributions towards the moronistic tendencies of the ignorant white southern population and the suppressed population of Bulgaria, portrayed by your fastidious Robert Crumb and Gilbert Shelton, bring your magazine into the reading lists of the "well-read."

Seymour Torres
Correan, Calif.

Upon coming across a copy of your January, 1965 issue of "HELP!", I found it necessary to communicate my objections to an offensive article carried therein.

My remarks are addressed primarily to Robert Crumb, alleged author of said article. The article to which I refer is the scetchbook report on Harlem, which you will find enclosed.

I am extremely upset that an article of such obvious bigotry has been placed in publication. It is quite apparent that

content that either side of the racial situation should not be presented in this manner. Neither should it be presented in such a way as to degrade any of those involved.

Most apparent is the author's viewpoint that the Negro people of Harlem possess no morals, intelligence, respect, or correct manner of speaking. Perhaps he should consult facts on which to base any future viewpoints he may wish to express.

Betty Coen
Santa Fe, N. Mexico

Please accept the enclosed HORT! matches and "Pant of Legs." You can wear the "Pant" on any garment so long as it is placed over your AHORTA.

DEBUBBA — The title given to a member of the international HORT! club.

DEBUBBA-ISM — The science of contrary cogitation, or reverse thinking. This science was first practiced by the debubbas (a species of manlike apes) that lived in Horta, a town on the island of Fayal, Azores. The debubbas had become so disgusted with the monotony of everyday life, they decided to live and do everything in reverse.

EVER — An ever word. It includes all terms of characterization, depiction, and explanation. The best way to perceive ever is to visualize three moun-

tains. You look at the first mountain and you say: "Boy, what an ever mountain." You look at the second mountain and you say: "Gosh, this mountain is even ever!" Then you glare at the third mountain and you say: "Man, this is the everest."

THE PANT OF LEGS (debubba for coat of arms) — The official escutcheon of the debubba. The pant of legs consists of three pickles, two sweating ever birds, and an oil well emblazoned on an ever shield. Below the shield is an ever banner which includes the inscription "E. Pluribus S'Goo". The three pickles represent nothing, which is what we pioneer in. You might ask: "Why pickles?" The answer is: "Why not pickles!" The two sweating ever birds depict our two favorite debubba quotes — "A watched arm never sweats," and "If you're not ever, you're never." The oil well simply means that we encourage the exploration for natural resources — like DIGI E. Pluribus S'Goo is a self-explanatory term — "S'Goo for many." In other words, it's "Hort for all" and "S'Goo for many."

Dick Hatfield
Imperial Debubba
Springfield, Ohio

Please address all mail to
HELP! letters, Department 26
527 Madison Avenue, N. Y.



Burst of Adulation



A Joke?

the contents of the article denote a definite prejudice against the Negro people. It is further obvious that the author holds no respect for this race, and has made his feelings known in the form of a joke. I feel this is no joke and merits attention. I believe Mr. Crumb is using the Negroes of Harlem as the brunt of a joke, and I angrily protest. Furthermore, I

BUSTER, HAVE YOU EVER STOMPED A NIGRA?



What kind of a man are you? Are you surrounded by GUTSY guys who tell everybody what to do . . . including YOU? How many times have you been kicked around just because others were SMARTER than you? Do Nigras pass you up at promotion time? What happened to all those SWEET DEALS you had your eyes on a few years ago? Buster, are you lacking POWER? Or do you have the POTENTIAL for massive retaliation? Well, Mac, if you don't have BRUTE POWER it's time you got some!! Get with the guys who can show you what MASTERY is really all about!!! Get on the one team, the KLAN TEAM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

—continued



Fast cars, the whine of superchargers: a Dodge 426 barrels down a dark road in the sweet state of Mississippi. In the front seat a big man, clean and tough, peers into the night at a small car ahead; he motions to the driver. The Dodge speeds up until it overtakes the small car and a Negro minister turns around to see what is pursuing him. As he turns, the Dodge pulls abreast and the big man shoves a shotgun through the window, fires both barrels, and the minister's head flies into a thousand pieces. The big man leans back and grins, then reloads his shotgun.

THIS COULD BE YOU!!!!

Right now you're probably asking yourself: "Could I qualify to join up with a bunch of swell guys like that and ride through the night?" Well, it's UP TO YOU! Deep in your heart you

know whether or not you're a TRUE AMERICAN, a man not afraid to stand up for what's rightfully his and to kill to protect his family, a man who knows white from wrong and can see through the haze of COMMUNIST propaganda in the newspapers. This propaganda, directed straight from MOSCOW, is designed to force FREEDOM-loving AMERICAN citizens to take the grandest section of the Republic of AMERICA and eventually turn it over to COMMUNIST AFRICANS and FOREIGN JEWS controlled ultimately by a ROMAN DICTATOR.

THE KLAN: MIGHTY AS OUR LORD!

What is the Ku Klux Klan? Many in the last 100 years have asked that question and have been answered with THE FIST OF POWER which clutches rope, gun, and firebrand. Through the years, the Klan has been the SINGLE TRIUMPHANT FORCE OF RIGHT across the land, rising with all the might and fury at its command whenever the basic tenets of our AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE have been threatened. Those who would subvert our FREEDOMS and RAPE OUR WOMEN have died, have all gone down. "And the wicked shall perish from the earth," as the beloved BIBLE puts it. No longer forced into secrecy, the Klan is FREED OF ITS BONDS and has been recognized as the one and only HOLY POWER on this earth.

Through the years the Ku Klux Klan has been YOKED with an unfavorable image. The old Klansman was unfairly pictured as rather surly, with NEW METHODS this has gradually changed until a favorable CORPORATE IMAGE has been attained. The New Klansman by day an upstanding citizen, businessman, United Fund worker, and father; by night the FEARLESS MASTER of his fate and the fate of those around him.

1920



1965





YES! Even the women folk can become active in the fabled Klan if they wish to. Both the Ladies Auxiliary and the Klan Granny Auxiliary have openings for brave women willing to LAY IT ON THE LINE for America.

IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE AND A KLANSMAN!!!

It's not all work and fighting for JUSTICE AND RIGHT when you're in the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan can be FUN! First off, you—yes, YOU, buster—get to wear the great robes and hoods that only Klansmen are allowed to wear. There is ROOM AT THE TOP in the Klan and someday YOU might be the Imperial Wizard of the United Klans of America and get to light the

BONFIRE and speak under the CROSS OF JESUS. As a Klansman, YOU will have the right to stomp and kick ALL NIGRAS, who are COMMUNISTS and AFRICAN APES.

THE KLAN IS FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

You won't have to spend a lot of time away from your kinfolk, your blessed LOVED ONES. Bring the whole family along!!! Before each cross-burning HOLY RITUAL all members gather for a barbecue and a BIG TIME. The LITTLE WOMEN get to help out and make

THE ENEMY . . . The first thing a Klansman must learn is that the enemy is often very **SUBTLE**. He is often able, through Godless Scientific Miracles, to assume any number of **HEINOUS DISGUISES** in order to gain the unwitting Sympathy of the good and simple people of America.



In this example from a **CASE STUDY**, a Communist agitator from the North was able to assume the disguise of a **CUTE PICKANNINNY** and enroll in a white school where he began to **INDOCTRINATE** the children in **ONE WORLDISM** and unholy **MISCEGENATION**. He is now on display at the Klan Museum.



Camouflaged as a gentle old nigger man, this **INSIDIOUS MEDDLER** was brought before a **JUST TRIBUNAL**. He was convicted of selling **DOPE** and **HEROIN** to children and was later sentenced to three years of swimming on Alabama river with 500 pounds of chains.



Many and nefarious are the schemes and **PLOTS** used to **SUCK DRY** the economy of the South while fattening the coffers of the **JEW NIGRAS** for the day when they move to take over the weakened country. The disguise above was found to be so realistic it could not be removed and the agitator had to be shot.

good food for **STRONG MEN**, not to mention having the opportunity to make all the costumes and finery you will wear. And the blessed **LITTLE ONES** will have lots to do and lots to learn. Experienced Klansmen will teach your children how to tie the knots and how to start the cross burning by rubbing two sticks together. Finally, everybody will stand around the big bonfire and sing those **HYMNS** that are so near and dear to our **HEARTS**, hymns like "The Old Rugged Cross" and "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

All new Klan members get a **DETAILED MANUAL** which tells the story of the Knights and explains all phases of modern Klanwork with writing and drawing.



DELIGHT. A lot of these **TREE-APES** have gone to **MOSCOW** where **SPECIAL DOCTORS** have perfected a technique which **SHRINKS** them so they look like little **CHILDREN**. This **SUBVERSIVE, GODLESS** plan has not fooled us, not for a **MINUTE!!!!** Our trained teams can handle these little **PICKANNINIES** with guns and clubs and **HOBNAILED BOOTS!!** **DONT BE TAKEN IN!!!!!!!**

HOW TO JOIN THIS TEAM OF REAL FIGHTERS!!

Because the Red Federal Bureau of Investigation plans to **INVADE THE SOUTH** and try to **WIPE** out the Ku Klux Klan, it is necessary to require prospective Klansmen to take certain tests. By the time you have taken the tests we will have a **POLICE RECORD** of your affairs to be sure you are a **GOD-FEARING AMERICAN** and not a **COMSYMP INFILTRATOR**. Soon after, if all goes well, **YOU**, you big, gutsy brute, will be notified and hopefully become a full-fledged member of our glorious **JESUS TEAM** of fighters. When that day comes, you can hold your head up high, confident that **YOU** are all-powerful and now know the answer to the **IMMORTAL QUESTION**: What does a Klansman wear under his sheet?

STRIKE A BLOW FOR POWER!! JUST ONE THIN STAMP STANDS BETWEEN YOU AND WHITE SUPREMACY!!!

end

HILL ATHEISTS STOMP NIGRAS!!

Under the guise of a civil rights movement, **COMMUNIST ATHEISTS** have devoted their lives to non-violent subversion. **WE INTEND TO TAKE THOSE LIVES!!!!** And **YOU** can take some, too!! As non-violence is their **SECRET WAY OF WAR**, they won't fight back and you can kill and stomp them to your **HEART'S**



Say pretty please.

AS NATURE INTENDED



Well then,
stick your finger
in it.

THE SUBLIME ADVENTURES of

WONDER WART-HOG

and
THE RETURN OF THE MASKED MEANIE!

WHEN I PRESS THIS **SECRET BUTTON** ON THE CONTROL PANEL OF MY **MEANIMOBILE***, A SECRET HATCH OPENS AND POURS UPON MY PURSUER THOUSANDS OF ...

EEK!
LIVE SKUNKS!

SPARK!

*THE MEANIMOBILE
SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED
FOR THE MASKED MEANIE
AT A COST OF
HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS!
A 1949 BUICK DYNA-
FLOW WITH EXTRA
ATROCIOUS FEATURES!

SUPER TRUCK AIR-
HORN(S) FOR
SCARING LITTLE
GRANNY-LADIES!

NON-DIMMING
HEADLIGHTS FOR
APPROACHING
TRAFFIC!

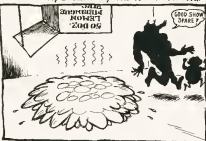
EXTRA WIDE TIRES
FOR SKWUSHING
PUPPYDOGS AND
KITTYCATS!

HOLE IN MUFFLER
FOR MORE OBNOXIOUS
NOISE EFFECT!

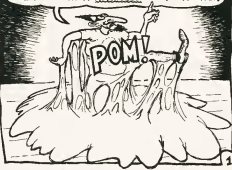
HOLE IN CERAMIC
TO DRIP OIL ON
YOUR DRIVEWAY!

by Gilbert Shelton

WHEN WE LAST LEFT THE MASKED MEANIE (THIS WAS IN SEPTEMBER, 1962) HE HAD BEEN BURIED BENEATH 50 DOZEN LEMON MERINGUE PIES BY WONDER WART-HOG AND HIS FAITHFUL COMPANION, SPARROW, THE KID WONDER...



THREE YEARS IS ENOUGH FOR ANYONE TO REMAIN BURIED IN PIE! IT'S HARD TO LOOK VILLAINOUS WITH MERINGUE ON YOUR FACE!





SOME TIME LATER, IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICES OF THE MUTHALODE MORNING MISHAP, ACE REPORTER PHILBERT DESANEX (WHO IS, IN REALITY, WONDER WART HOG) OPENS A MISSAL:



THREE SECONDS LEFT!
WONDER WART-HOG CRASHES
OUT OF THE BUILDING!



TWO SECONDS LEFT!
WONDER WART-HOG, HIGH
IN THE IONOSPHERE,
SPOTS THE HEINOUS MASKED MEANIE!



ONE SECOND LEFT!
THE HOG OF STEEL ZIPS
TO EARTH JUST AS THE
MASKED MEANIE STRIKES A MATCH!



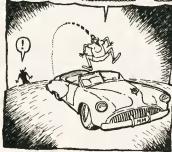
HAW! WONDER WART-HOG, YOU'RE TOO
LATE! THE FUSE HAS ALREADY BURNED
DOWN TO THE GUNPOWDER!



AND
NOW
for
the
**CHASE
SCENE!**

DRAIT THE LUCK! NINETY ZILLION TONS
OF GUNPOWDER, AND IT FIZZLED!

QUICK! TO THE MEANIEMOBILE AND ESCAPE!



HE'S ESCAPING! IT'S A GOOD
THING YOU JUST ARRIVED WITH
THE HOGMOBILE, SPARROW!

LET'S PEEL OUT,
WONDER!
LAY RUBBER!



ARRGGH! WONDER WART-HOG IS HOT ON MY TRAIL! BUT ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PUSH THIS BUTTON ON THE DASH...



...AND A SPECIAL MECHANISM COMES OUT OF THE SIDE OF THE MEANIEMOBILE AND PLANTS A STOP SIGN EVERY FIFTY FEET!



I HAVE TO STOP, SPARROW! YOU WANT ME TO LOSE MY DRIVER'S LICENSE?

MY HOGMOBILE IS EQUIPPED WITH SECRET WEAPONS, TOO, SPARROW! FOR INSTANCE, WHEN I PRESS A LITTLE BUTTON UNDER THE DASH...



"A 105MM HOWITZER POPS UP FROM THE HOOD! LET'S SEE, THAT BUTTON SHOULD BE UNDER HERE SOMEPLACE! OR WAS IT OVER HERE?"



WHOOOPS! SORRY THERE, SPARROW! I SEEM TO HAVE PRESSED THE PASSENGER EJECTION BUTTON BY MISTAKE!



HE'S GAINING ON ME! BUT I'LL JUST PULL THIS SECRET LEVER, UNLEASHING A CLOUD OF...



...RUBBER WEEVILS!



MY TIRES! THEY'RE EATING MY TIRES!



EGAD! THE WEEVILS HAVE EATEN THE TIRES, THE ACCELERATOR PEDAL, AND THE INSULATION OFF THE WIRING!



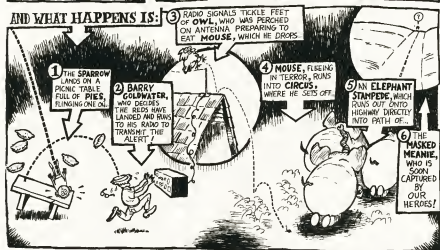
...NOT TO MENTION THE ELASTIC OUT OF MY PANTS! I GUESS THE MASKED MEANIE GOES FREE THIS TIME!



BUT THE MASKED MEANIE HAS YET TO RECKON WITH SPARROW, WHO AT THIS MOMENT IS BEGINNING HIS DESCENT!



AND WHAT HAPPENS IS:



WILL THE MASKED MEANIE SURVIVE THE MEAT GRINDER AND RETURN TO HARASS SOCIETY? WILL HE? WHAT A STUPID QUESTION!

1974



THE QUESTION MAN

It is the Question Man's feeling that there are millions of questions that have been answered, but that nobody has ever bothered about the millions of *answers* for which there are no questions. After reading the following, you will know why.

Here are 18 answers posed to the Question Man, sometimes known as Steve Allen.

THE ANSWERS

1. *One if by land and two if by sea.*
2. *Blood—sweat—and tears.*
3. *Clams Marinara—Beef Stroganoff—and Frog Legs Saute.*
4. *Winken—Blinken—and Nod.*
5. *Go West.*
6. *George Washington slept here.*
7. *My cup runneth over.*
8. *Mad Hatter, White Rabbit, Cheshire Cat, Dormouse and the Queen of Hearts.*
9. *A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou.*
10. *Frankincense and Myrrh.*
11. *The Los Angeles Dodgers.*
12. *Butterfield eight three thousand.*
13. *He shot down ten Japanese planes.*
14. *They come in a crush-proof box.*
15. *Igloo.*
16. *The Stamp Act.*
17. *From the rock-bound coast of Maine.*
18. *Daisy Mae.*



1. How many Miltowns should you take when traveling?



2. Name three things that Energine will remove.



3. Name three famous gangsters.



4. What do you do just before you pass out?



5. What do rabbits do when they get tired of running around?



6. What are those cherry pits doing in my bed?



7. How did all that thlop get in your thauter?



8. Name a lousy poker hand.



9. What's on a cannibal's menu?



10. Name an obscure comedy team.



11. How would you describe pedestrians in Southern California?



12. How many hamburgers did Butterfield eat?



13. Why was Suki Yamamoto kicked out of the Japanese Air Force?



14. Why are my cigarettes crushed, but not the box?



15. What do you use to keep an ig from falling apart?



16. How would you describe Jose Greco's routine?



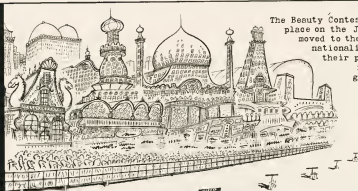
17. Where in hell did all these rocks come from?



18. Do you think Daisy will?

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

... a sketchbook report with on-the-scene impressions by our man-in-the-field, Arnold Roth.



The Beauty Contest I go to see takes place on the Jersey shore. People, moved to the core of their most nationalistic feelings about their particular greatest-in-the-nation state, gather from all over the country to join in the selection of the beauty queen of America.



The pageant is commenced by a parade of the contestants on the boardwalk. This serves the same purpose as a race track paddock. It gives all the previously



To assure that perfect deportment and grace be exhibited by each girl, they are given a chorus of professional instruction. The result is a group of exemplary creations.



WELL, WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE MISS AMERICA IS ITS WHOLESALENESS. YOU KNOW, A LOT OF TALENTED GALS, BUT NONE OF THEM HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF GUESSES.

NOT A BIG SLOBBY SHOW AT A BUNCH OF DISGUSTING PLACES, NO EVEN FOR SOME 'REAL' AMERICANS.



SINCE 'BEAUTY' IS THE SLOBBY, I'M SEE YA ROUND.



To avoid scandal and the possible corruption of any contestant's "wholesomeness" and purity, avid chaperones are assigned to each one. Since the pageant directors strive for a completely sexless appeal, they are to be congratulated on their triumphant success in this area.



impartial observers a chance to pick a favorite. Most of the audience pick the girl from their own state and all the good, clean fun is off to a rearing start.

The entertainment and competition are conducted in the intimacy of an auditorium. The somewhat avant-garde production numbers are welcomed by the massive audience, some of whom have been known to pop their Kiwanis, Rotary, and/or Mason buttons in wild enthusiasm.



THERE SHE COMES
MISS AMERICA



The M. C. gives the audience his most professional, brilliant smile while singing the pageants' theme song. Fifty people on the first row are stricken blind by the glare and must watch the rest of the show in braille.



The swimsuit judging is just that. Bodies don't count - just swimsuits. One girl mistakenly thinks Hugh Hefner is one of the judges.



To prove that America is a land of culture, as well as swimsuits, there is a display of talent.

Honesty counts.



EVERYTHING
I AM
I DARE TO MY
MOMMY AND
DADDY

Some of the
talent defies
imagination -
everyone's.



CONGRATULATIONS IF
GUY ME GREATNESS!
I MEAN FINE!
REALLY FINE!!



YOUR QUESTION
IS TO WAIT IN
YOU DARE THEM
MANNERFUL BEING
SO MANNERFUL AND
ALL?

ABOUT ALL HE GAVE
ME MY BUILT AND ALL
MY MANNERFUL TALENT
AND SUNDRIES



WELL I DARE A LOT TO MY
MOTHER AND FATHER AND THE
YOUNG SAYS DARE, BUT ABOUT
I DARE AN AWFUL LOT TO GOD



AND HE GAVE ME A CHANCE
TO BE MESS AND KING,
I DARE I DARE HE KNOW I
GIVE TO NO OTHER GIVE HERE



The final test for the finalists is a quiz to see
how quickly they can think and how well they can
articulate. Insofar as none advocate the violent
overthrow of anything, they all do well.

HERE SHE
COMES
MISSAM
ERIKA



THAT'S A
LOSER!

The judges vote.
The girl who most
thoroughly embodies
the talent of
Sonny Tufts, the
intellect of Nantan
Moreland, the
humor of Leo Tolstoi
and the sex appeal
of Shirley Temple
in "Little Miss
Marker" is declared
the winner.



YOU DON'T
KNOW IT A-B
BUT YOU'RE A
BORN LOSER!



end

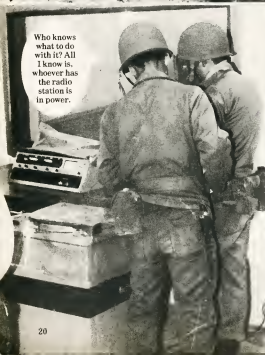
The Jewish
are coming!



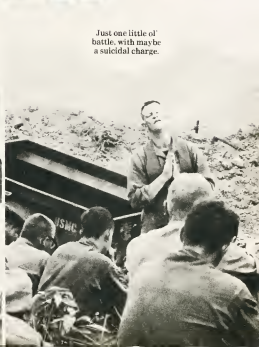
Your
fry is
open.



Who knows
what to do
with it? All
I know is,
whoever has
the radio
station is
in power.



Just one little ol'
battle, with maybe
a suicidal charge.



It must be considered that he who lives in a dream world pays no rent. Even so, there comes a time when the dreamer finds he has no lease and his eviction notice is served to him.

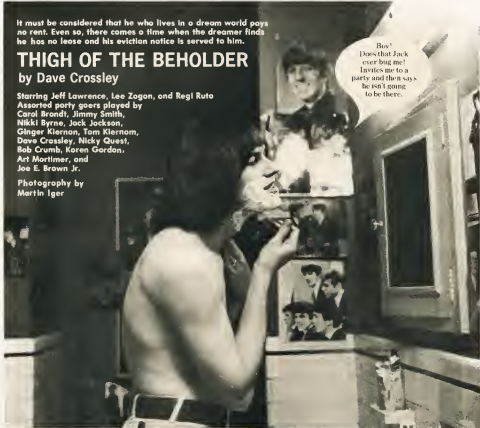
THIGH OF THE BEHOLDER

by Dave Crossley

Starring Jeff Lawrence, Lee Zagon, and Regi Ruto

Assorted party goers played by
Carol Brondt, Jimmy Smith,
Nikki Byrne, Jack Jackson,
Ginger Klernan, Tom Klernan,
Dave Crossley, Nicky Quest,
Bob Crumb, Karen Gordon,
Art Mortimer, and
Joe E. Brown Jr.

Photography by
Martin Iger





Hi.
Is Jack
here?

My clothes
are a protest
against society.
I'm revolting.

You're
telling
me.

Did you
order
pizza with
anchovies?

God
no!

What's
a nice place
like this doing
with a girl
like you?

Does
anybody
know I'm
here?

What's
a nice girl
like you doing
at a place
like this?

Trying to
make out.

I see there's a
Negro here. Boy, I'm sure
as hell glad those people
can come to these parties now.
By God, I'm pleased! How's
that for America, huh?
Negroes, Jews, you just
name it, fella.

Yeah,
they're
so
equal.



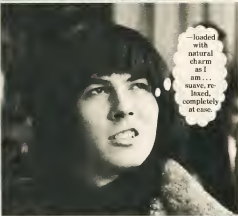
Boy,
plenty
of good-
looking
stuff here
tonight
—waiting
for me
no doubt.



As usual,
I'll have no
trouble
mixing.



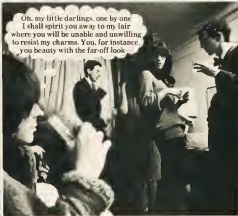
I'll need
nothing artificial
to turn
me on—



—loaded
with
natural
charm
as I
am...
suave, re-
laxed,
completely
at ease.



On the
other hand, a
drink or seven
wouldn't
hurt.



Oh, my little darlings, one by one
I shall spirit you away to my lair
where you will be unable and unwilling
to resist my charms. You, for instance,
you beauty with the far-off look—

—your inquiring
mind sheathed in
tasteful glamour, I can
see that your intellect is
matched only by mine.



I do not think
of you as a bookworm,
but as a woman of passion
and rare sensitivity.



Here, my dear, by the
mystical glow of the fire, sur-
rounded by the thoughts of a
thousand men of a thousand ages,
we shall find serenity and
intellectual fulfillment.

Yes,
together we
shall know the
truth and the
truth shall make
us free.



Come, sit by me and see
how I love thee—let me
count the ways
—E.B. Browning—

Only
follow the
feelings of
your heart
—Rimbaud—



You are the greatest
and most beautiful woman
that I ever saw or knew.
—Wolfe—

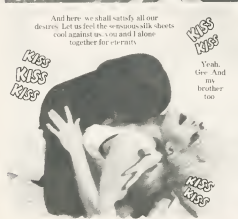
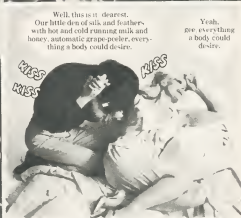
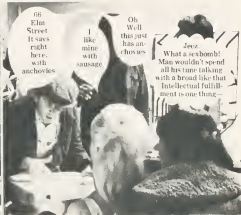
Wolfe!
Wolfe was
a frump! Wolfe
had a father-
fixation!



He did not!
He was the greatest
writer America has
ever known!

NO!
Frump!
Frump! FRUMP!











A man in a dark jacket is pulling a woman in a light-colored dress. She is looking back at him.

Hands off, man. The chick's dancing with me. Quit pulling the material man!

The man is pulling the woman. A sign in the background says "RIP!".

Okay! You want to pull the material? We'll pull the material!

A close-up of the man's face. He has a surprised expression.

Who you calling "chick"?

BIFF!

A large panel showing a group of people at a party. A man is on the floor, and a woman is holding a guitar. A large white scribble is on the left.

She's a He!

He's a She!

You mean she was he when you thought he was she but was really he?

Well, he was really she. But he...

I killed the anchovies. I broke their little backs.

Hard Cheese.

You see, he thought he was a she.

Then if she's a he and he's a she—then who's a we?

END



O.K.,
wise guy ...
You go to
Viet Nam.



No wonder. Somebody painted
a little baseball on my glasses.



How do
you do, Mr.
McGeorge—uh,
Mr. McBundy—uh,
Mr. George
Mac—uh ...



help's public gallery

We welcome contributions to this feature. HELP! will pay a magnificent \$5.00 for every snide cartoon used. Mail submissions to HELP! 527 Madison Avenue, New York City. Please be sure to ensure return of all rejections.

Ted Robins



"The British are coming—The British are coming."

Stewart Schwartzberg



"Attractive stockings? What stockings?"



WERTA



Skip Williamson



Thumbtack



Rodriguez

MR. J.B.'S

STORY TIME

...ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN...

WHO HAD A BIG EGO

EGO

SMART as a cat on a mile

HELLO, I'M GOOD!! DO YOU LIKE ME?

EGO

NO,

EGO

EESH!!

DEFIATED EGO

SWIFF

NBODY THINT'S I'M GOOD!!! SO I ACT EGOTISTICAL AS A DEFENSE MECHANISM... I'M REEALLY A FAILURE!!

EGO

I DO LIKE YOU... I JUST SAID THAT BECAUSE I THOUGHT YOU WERE SO EGOTISTICAL...

STILL DEFIATED

EGO

FORP!

EGO

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT...

EGO

THE END JOEL BECK



I guess this silver bullet
will show you who I am.



C'mon Ralph,
fer cryin' out loud,
you're on television.



THE MARIONETTE MURDER CASE with INSPECTOR FERMEZ LABOUCHE

Match wits with the Inspector (played by Manus Pinkwater) and find the clue that leads to the murderer.

Cast from Les Poupées de Paris

Dixie Cupp.....	Sue Bau
First Puppeteer.....	Rolf Roediger
Second Puppeteer.....	George Fisher
Third Puppeteer.....	Pat Davis
Murderer.....	Pat Lytel

Photographed at the N. Y. World's Fair

Called to Les Marionettes de Montmartre puppet show midway between the pasta and fazool courses at a swank, midtown turkish eatery, Inspector Fermez Labouche, the pride of New York's Mopery Squad, finds that Dixie Cupp, the theatre's ticket-taker

and an amateur gun moll, has been murdered. Whipping out his Big-Little lined tablet, Labouche scrawls: "lying on stage . . . big pugsticker protruding from her chest . . . may be foul play . . . wore pink panties . . . hmmm." Three puppeteers from the show expostulate: "Holy cats! You shuda seen it. Stage lights on, orchestra blasting away, the audience moaning and holding their heads, us up on the scaffold doing whatever it is puppeteers do. Then this zofik ticket-tearer comes staggering out of the empty wings with this Arkansas toothpick sticking in her and dies in front of everybody and everything." "You wouldn't kid me?" asks Labouche suspiciously. "No kidding," says Moe Mentomeri, former chief puppeteer to his excellency the Wali of Swat.



"We personally can't understand who could have done it," continues Moe. "The show was going like crazy. Everybody's got his hands full. There's nobody on the stage or in the wings but the deceased and us puppeteers . . . barely enough of us to handle the puppets. Even deadheads like we got in the audience can tell you that none of us let go of the strings for a second, else-

wise the puppets would have gone all whichaway. A puppeteer's busier than lox at a B'nai B'rith picnic. "Never mind," says Inspector Labouche. "I didn't see *The Thin Man Captures Maw Frickett* 37 times for nothing. You just run the show through again and I'll bet you a pretty that I can figure out who canceled that tootsie." "You got a ticket?" asks Moe.



In the best seat in the house, Inspector Labouche sits eating Crackerjacks as Moe and his fellow puppeteers run through the show again. The orchestra strikes up, and a chorus of scantily clad show girl puppets dance the opening number. "Hot dog!" says Labouche. Then the puppets representing Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Bing Crosby act out a scene around a bath-

tub full of a Brigitte Bardot puppet. "I knew I should have taken a balcony seat," complains the inspector, craning his neck. Then a Gene Kelly puppet and a line of Can Can girls dance a spirited number, followed by Pearl Bailey and more and more dancing and cavorting little beauties. "Damn clever, these puppets," says Labouche. "Say, you don't suppose . . . now, that's ridiculous."



Labouche remains impassive—some might say unconscious—as puppets representing Count Dracula, Frankenstein, vampire bats and other assorted monsters appear on stage for a creepy song and dance act. But the inspector loses not his cool. "Pas de sweat," he quips, a typical Labouche Gallic drollery. He sits unflinching as diabolical scenes in torture chambers, eerie labora-

tories and cemeteries are unfolded by the tiny monsters. Labouche yawns delicately. But then a puppet sings, and Milton Berle's voice comes out. The Inspector blanches. "Now, *that's* scary," he says, gripping a licorice 38 police special. The show continues with numbers involving more scantily clad puppets. "Now we're getting some place," says Labouche. He manfully stifles



an urge to shout "Take it off!" as the curtain falls on the finale. "So, my wisenheimer friends," Labouche says. "I know now that



you were fibbing. You're covering up for the murderer—a member of your company." Who did it, and how did Labouche know?

ANSWER:

The murderer is the Frankenstein puppet, who is actually a midget. As anyone could see—even Labouche—he's for real, no strings! His motive? Dave threw him over for the Frank Sinatra puppet.

Pfwilfffff



WHAZAT?

SUPER-BULLET;
FASTER THAN A SPEEDING
SUPERMAN!!

GAK!
WONDER-
LOCOMOTIVE!
MORE POWERFUL
THAN SUPERMAN!



EEEP!
SOOPER-TALL BUILDING
ABLE TO LEAP
YOURS TRULY
AT A SINGLE
BOUND!

SO...
WAT IS
HAPPENING?



IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED!
TAKE A LOOK AT ANY
COMIC-BOOK DISPLAY.
GO ON-SEE! YOU ARE
NO LONGER UNIQUE.
THERE'S BEEN A
SUPER POPULATION
EXPLOSION!
YEAH-
NOWADAYS IT'S...

SUPER EVERYTHING

SM-COVERED

ALSO, NONSENSE!
OOP, NINE O'CLOCK!
GOTTA GO TO
WORK.



'NOTHER DAY,
'NOTHER DOLLAR



'MORNING MISS WARTHOG!



HI CLARK... WOOP!



WHY, MISS WARTHOG!
Y-VOURE BEAUTIFUL!



O.K. KNUT-
STICK-EM-UP
YER
HANDS!

GAD CLARK
KNUT.

BEING HELD UP!

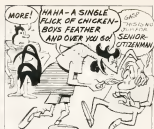
GAD

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB
FOR POLICEMAN!



LATER THAT EVENING...







"GIVE 'EM HELP!" HARRY

You've heard them call him this many times. Who, then, *IS* "give 'em HELP!" Harry? If you take a pen and connect the dots, you'll find out. And while you've got the pen, make out a check for a subscription to HELP! —You've connected the dots, you say? That's not give 'em HELP! Harry? That's give 'em HELL. Harry? Well, give 'em HELP! anyhow. HELP! is much milder.

HELP! Magazine
Subscription Dept. H-26
1426 East Washington Lane
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

Send HELP! I have enclosed \$2.00
for 6 issues of HELP!

Name

Address

City

State Zone

HELP! Magazine
Back Issues Dept. H-26
Box 6573
Philadelphia 38, Penna.

I have enclosed 50¢ per HELP!
checked.

Name

Address

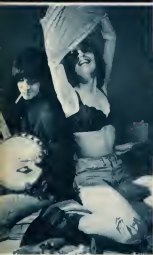
City

State Zone





**PARTY ON
PAGE 22.
COME ON
IN!**



The DREGS do
it best

